The Women of Schorndorf.

IN the southwest portion of Germany is the village of Schorndorf. Although now little more than a mere postal station, it was formerly one of the strongest fortified towns of Northern Swabia, and the pride of the beautiful valley of the Rems.

After the treaty of Westphalia when the Bishoprics of Metz, Tul and Verdan were ceded to France, the idea entered into the French mind to search carefully through the public records for the names of all towns and cities which during any former period had been the property of either of the three Bishoprics, and to demand them from Germany as a portion of the rightful spoils. Although this preposterous demand failed to be presented in its original shape, it led to a series of aggressions which finally culminated in that devastation of the Pals in 1688 and 1689 by the French armies under the direction of Montclas and Melac.

Mannheim, Rastaat, Baden, Heidelberg and many other places were already in ruins, and the French forces were rapidly advancing toward the boundaries of Swabia, their thirst for robbery and destruction increasing with every step.

The Government of Wurtemburg, in the hope of saving Stuttgart, delivered all the towns of Northern Swabia into the enemy's hands, and the only fortification which had not been destroyed by the French troops was that of Schorndorf, to which the people looked as a last hope.

The French commander sat confidently in his camp at Esslingen, laying plans for his winter quarters in Wurtemburg. The Royal Commissioners had already left Stuttgart to give orders to Schorndorf to fling open its gates to the invading host, and the French gave little heed to this last stronghold of the Wurtemburg Government, so sure were they of its speedy surrender. But exactly at this point was the invading army to meet its check; for within the walls of Schorndorf was a determined man, and, what was still more important, a determined woman!

The man was the commander of the fortifications, Peter Krummhaar. Although he had received the royal command to make a slight show of resistance, and then surrender the city, he refused to obey.

At length a special messenger appeared from Stuttgart stating that the French commander had given orders to burn the royal residence and take immediate possession of the city, unless Schorndorf complied with the demands made upon it. But, in spite of all demands and orders, Krummhaar remained firm. He had strengthened his forces by drawing in large numbers of patriotic villagers from the surrounding country, and was determined to hold out until the imperial army arrived. But treachery and cowardice were so rampant in the highest places that Krummhaar found his strength growing less and less. At length he summoned a meeting in the Town Hall of all the officials and leading men, to consult upon the possibility of a continued defense.

Frau Kunkelin, the wife of the Mayor of the city, was a tall woman of about fifty years, whose word was law with all the women in Schorndorf. Of a firm, upright character, she had made herself universally beloved and respected. Her patriotism was of that kind which allows nothing to stand in its path, but sacrifices everything to the beloved country. She suspected that the voice of the City Fathers would be for surrender, and, secretly following them to the council hall, she hid herself to listen. As she had feared, the patriotic determination of Peter Krummhaar was overruled, and the city doomed to fall like its sisters.

Frau Kunkelin rushed wildly from the hall. Sending messengers through the town, she summoned all the women to assemble before her, armed with whatever they could lay hands on. "We have not laid up riches for these rascally Frenchmen to live and grow fat on," said she, "and Stuttgart will see that Schorndorf will not be humbled in the dust, like Tubingen and Asberg."

An army of women was soon assembled. Armed with every conceivable weapon, from a broomstick to a sword, they presented a very strange appearance. Then, with Frau Kunkelin at their head, they marched to the Town Hall, and broke in upon the solemn conclave of their husbands. Frau Kunkelin, advancing toward the astonished City Fathers, made them a speech, in which she called upon them to protect their homes, closing with these words, addressed to her husband himself: "I will kill you with my own hand if you act the part of a traitor."

After announcing their intentions, the women proceeded to take possession of the Town Hall, and, organizing themselves into companies, held strict guard over the gates of the city. For two days and three nights the town remained in the hands of the women, the City Fathers, "on pain of death," being compelled to obey their commands. Meanwhile, Peter Krummhaar was assisting the women in every way. Every moment was a step toward salvation, for the imperial army was rapidly approaching. The moral effect, too, of this patriotic uprising of the women was immense, and the whole country which had been cowed down with abject terror rose with one accord to save the Fatherland.

The heroine of Schorndorf, Frau Kunkelin, lived many years after the uprising of the women took place, and, it is said, related the history to a goodly number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.—*The Aldine.*

The Destruction of Forests.

THE constant and reckless destruction of our forests is fast bringing us to a condition in which there will be occasion for real alarm. It is not probable that any "scare" like that which a few years ago went over England, concerning the prospective exhaustion of her coal supply, will immediately occur in America touching the loss of our forests, but we wish something near enough approaching it might happen to stop a work that is full of evil promise.

In the whole United States there is left but one really great tract of timber. It lies at the far extreme of our country, and consists of about one-half of Washington Territory and a third of Oregon. California has, perhaps, 500,000 acres of forest, of which fully one-half has been cut away within the last two or three years. Here in New York we have no considerable forest left except in the Adirondack region. Our wealth of maple, walnut and hickory is substantially gone, and a large part of it has been wantonly destroyed. Wisconsin had a magnificent forest growth, but the people are sweeping it away at a rapid rate. One billion feet of timber were cut in a single year. It will not take more than a decade or two at the utmost to fairly exhaust this source of wealth to the State. Michigan and Minnesota are following in the same course, slashing away at their forests as if a tree had no right to lift its head. One of our most intelligent army officers, Gen. Brisbin, who knows the Western country thoroughly, and to whose accurate knowledge of this subject we are indebted for many facts, says that 59,000 acres of Wisconsin timber are cut annually to supply the Kansas and Nebraska markets alone. The Saginaw forests are even now practically destroyed, and if the Northern Pacific Railway is built it will open up to the ax the one remaining belt of American timber, in Oregon and Washington Territory.

The railroads have been the great destroyers of our forests. They use 160,000,000 of ties annually—that means the leveling of at least 150,000 acres of trees. The timber they use, also, is not the refuse or the inferior, but among the very best fine young trees eight to ten inches in diameter. The Union Pacific Company undertook at first to lay their road with cottonwood ties, drawn from the occasional wooded canons along the line of the road. One consequence of this was shown in our Washington dispatch the other day regarding the legislation to be asked of Congress for the relief of the road. The Government Commission appointed to examine the line reported that it was not completed within the terms of the law. The use of these soft-wood ties was held by them to be an evasion of contract, and Government patents for the lands granted along two or three hundred miles of the road have accordingly been refused. The settlers who have bought the lands can get no titles from the company, for it has none. This looks bad for our forests, since it means the ultimate destruction of thousands of acres of more good timber to replace the condemned ties which have already swept off a large part of the few precious growths of this comparatively treeless region. If it is remembered that ties have to be renewed every seven years the extent of the demand on our forests will be appreciated. When 10,000 miles more of rails have been laid it will require all the trees in the country to supply the demand for ties.

Fences are also enormous consumers of trees. In the East we are learning in this regard economy from necessity, but in the West, in some States, the farmers cut down the forests with scarcely more thought than they harvest their grain. The fences of the United States, people may not generally know, have cost more than the lands, and are to-day the most valuable class of property, save railroads and real estate in cities. Illinois alone has $2,000,000 invested in fences, and they cost annually $175,000 for repairs. In Nebraska, where excellent herd laws are in force, the necessity for fences has been so much lessened that the fences of the State cost less in proportion to population than in any other in the Union.

The outrageous waste of timber caused by the felling of forests and the burning of the trees to bring the land under cultivation still goes on at a fearful rate. From 1860 to 1870 no less than 12,000,000 acres of forest were thus wantonly destroyed. For fuel also vast tracts are leveled of their trees. It took 10,000 acres of forest to supply Chicago with fuel one year, 1871. Our annual decrease of forest from all these causes is not far from 8,000,000 acres. Yet we plant only 10,000 acres of new forest a year.

The necessity for a commission of forestry and the need of efficient laws in all the States for the preservation of our forests need no further argument than these facts.—*N. Y. Times.*

A Day's Churning.

THEY have a new hired girl over at Keyser's farm, just outside our town, and on Tuesday, before starting to spend the day with a friend, Mrs. Keyser instructed the girl to whitewash the kitchen during her absence. Upon returning Mrs. Keyser found the job completed in a very satisfactory manner. On Wednesdays Mrs. Keyser always churns, and on last Wednesday when she was ready she went out, and, finding that Mr. Keyser had already put the milk into the churn, she began to turn the handle. This was at eight o'clock in the morning, and she turned until ten without any signs of butter appearing. Then she called in the hired man and he turned until dinner time, when he knocked off with some very offensive language addressed to that butter which had not yet come. After dinner the hired girl took hold of the crank and turned it energetically until two o'clock, when she let go with a remark which conveyed the impression that she believed the churn to be haunted. Then Mr. Keyser came out and said he wanted to know what was the matter with that churn, anyhow. It was a good-enough churn if people only knew enough to work it. Mr. Keyser then worked the crank until half-past three, when, as the butter had not come, he surrendered it again to the hired man because he had an engagement in the village. The man ground the machine to an accompaniment of frightful imprecations; then the Keyser children each took a turn for half an hour, then Mrs. Keyser tried her hand, and when she was exhausted she again enlisted the hired girl, who said her prayers while she turned. But the butter didn't come. When Keyser came home and found the churn still in action he blasted his eyes and did some other innocent swearing, and then he seized the handle and said he'd make the butter come if he kicked up an earthquake in doing in. Mr. Keyser effected about two hundred revolutions of the crank a minute, enough to have made any ordinary butter come from the ends of the earth; and when the perspiration began to stream from him and still the butter didn't come he uttered one wild yell of rage and disappointment and kicked the churn over the fence. When Mrs. Keyser went to pick it up she put her nose down close to the buttermilk and took a sniff. Then she understood how it was. The girl had mixed the whitewash in the churn and left it there. A good, honest and intelligent servant who knows how to churn can find a situation at Keyser's. There is a vacancy.—*Max Adeler, in Danbury News.*

An Avalanche on the Matterhorn.

SITTING there gazing at the 7,000 or 8,000 feet of the Matterhorn's height and breadth that were still higher than my resting-place, and drinking in the influence of the vast silent scene around and beneath, I perceived a movement upon the left-hand outline and a large surface of the adjacent front of the mountain. The upper fourth part apparently of the mountain's height from the left-hand edge to about the middle of the front was already bare and black like solid rock. The movement of the mass, at the outset very deliberate, was first perceptible from the widening distance of the dark surface between its upper edge and a crest of bare rock that stood out upon the profile above. Then it was plain that the entire weight of snow for a thousand or two feet below on that side of the mountain and nearly to the midst of its front, as I viewed it, was moving; and I felt the strange, false sense of being lifted with the whole steep, mossy bank on which I sat facing the avalanche. Swiftly it gathered momentum and its immensity became more comprehensible when its greater part, fifty to a hundred feet thick, shot out over a crag that had not been visible under this great thickness of snow, and down through the clear air in one vast sheet, striking upon a less inclined surface 2,000 feet below, where it was dashed into a million fragments, and there flashed up a vast cloud of fine, dusty snow. Rapidly massing itself, it again surged forth from the fleecy bosom of the snowcloud over a precipice of nearly vertical wall for a mile or more into its final depths, leaving a large area upon the mountain black and barren, and tossing upward throughout the broad abyss another and more widely-spreading snow-cloud, while its sudden displacement of air produced a rushing wind which reached to where I sat. As you first see the distant artillery's rushing smoke, and hear the roar, so here arose, far beneath and a mile or two away, a rolling, white, misty cloud, and then the astounding thunder of the concussion. The interruption of this avalanche in its progress doubled its sublimity. Had it rushed all the way down one incline, with no intervening crash between the loosening of the mass and its plunge into the depths, or if it had shot off clear into the air and struck into the very bottom in a solid mass, it could not have carried with it such majestic movement of awful deliberation, nor produced such prolonged and terrific roar.—*Cor. Detroit Tribune.*

SAUCE FOR DUCKS.—Serve a rich gravy in the dish, cut the breast in slices; but don't take them off; cut a lemon, and put pepper and salt on it; then squeeze it on the breast, and pour a spoonful of gravy over before you serve it out.

—A St. Paul paper, in announcing the amusements for the season, said: "We don't know who follows the minstrels." It was a hotel-landlord, and he followed them all the way from Milwaukee with an unpaid board bill.

—Vermont's State debt is $360,000, having been reduced $153,000 in the past two years.

WHERE impudence is wit it is folly to reply.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

SPRINKLED chips of dried sassafras will keep away worms from dried fruit.

MILKERS, stop dipping your fingers in the bucket of milk and wetting the cow's teats; of all dirty habits this is the worst.

BUTTER when pure is non-nitrogenous; if they is any portion of whey present it becomes nitrogenous and will decompose.

POMADE CALLED BEAR'S OIL.—Melt together over a water bath, soft or lard body, six pounds; oil of almonds three pounds. Mix well, and upon its commencing to congeal add oil of bergamot, two ounces; oil of cloves, one ounce; oil of rose, twenty drops; oil of neroly, twenty drops. Beat well with a wooden spatula until cool.

IN regard to the means or possibility of deciding the sex of eggs much difference of opinion exists. But M. Genin, in a communication to the French Academy of Sciences on this subject, states that he is now able, after having investigated the matter carefully for several years, to state that all eggs containing the germ of males have wrinkles on their smaller ends, while female eggs are smooth at the extremities.—*New York Times.*

KEEPING EGGS.—Emily Audinwood, Stanstead Plains, P. Q., says: "I have tried several experiments, but find none to answer so well as the following; I have kept eggs for two years and found them perfectly good when used: Two pounds of coarse salt boiled ten minutes in one gallon rain water; pour off into an earthen jar. When nearly cold stir in five tablespoons of quick-lime; let it stand till next day; then put in the eggs and keep them tightly covered until wanted for use."

SAVORY MUTTON OR VEAL CUTLETS.—Cut up the chops and beat them with the edge of a knife. Beat the yolks of a few eggs and dip the cutlets in them; season them with pepper, salt, nutmeg and bread crumbs. Roll them in buttered crumbs and broil them. Use for sauce some good gravy, a piece of butter, crumbs of bread, capers, anchovies, with some nutmeg and a little vinegar. As soon as they are dressed, tear off the papers and set them on the dish with the sauce.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

TO PRESERVE CIDER.—Prof. Horsford's recipe for arresting the fermentation of cider at any point is as follows: "Put the new cider into clean casks or barrels and allow it to ferment from one to three weeks, according as the weather is cool or warm. When it has attained to lively fermentation add to every gallon of cider three quarters of a pound of white sugar, and let the whole ferment again until it possesses nearly the brisk, pleasant taste which it is desirable should be permanent. Pour out a quart of the cider and mix with it one-quarter ounce sulphate of lime for every gallon the cask contains. Stir it until it is thoroughly mixed and pour the emulsion into the liquid. Agitate the contents of the cask thoroughly for a few moments, then let it rest that the cider may settle. Fermentation will be arrested at once and will not be resumed. It may be bottled in the course of a few weeks, or it may be allowed to remain in the cask and used on draught. If bottled it will become a sparkling cider of surpassing excellence."

Plant Life in Winter.

ACTIVITY in plant life in winter is not alone confined to the cryptogamia. During this inclement season many of our forest trees ripen and perfect their seeds. The firs and pines are not like the deciduous trees, which allow the moisture they contain to freeze in winter. The temperature of a pine tree under the bark never falls below the congealing point, no matter how severe the cold may be outside. These resinous trees keep up a kind of low tree heat as do the bears a low animal heat in freezing weather. Consequently the circulation of sap goes on and the immature seeds are ripened. In some localities in the northern part of our country those evergreens grow which bear true leaves, like the ivy, laurel, or perhaps the holly. We call these plants evergreens; but in fact they change their leaves as do the deciduous varieties. The change is made gradually, one leaf dropping off when another has grown to replace it, and so the tree is never wholly deprived of its foliage. It is probable that in winter there is considerable vegetative activity in these evergreens, as it is impossible that these changes can take place when the sap is completely dormant. Sunlight and warmth are agents of tremendous power in connection with plant activities. If in the depth of winter a mild day occurs, we shall find, by making incisions in the stem or branches of trees, that the slumbering forces are partially awakened and the sap is in motion.

We speak of the trees as being bare of foliage in winter; but this is not absolutely true, for trees have winter leaves as well as summer leaves. These leaves are less apparent, but they are no less real or perfect. If we take from a tree one of its buds and examine it carefully we shall see that it is composed of a little bunch of true leaves nicely compressed in layers, resembling fish-scales. These are the winter leaves of trees, and every species has them perfectly characteristic of its kind.

This winter dress of trees is no apparel suddenly formed or put on late in the autumn; it is the growth of all the spring and summer months. During the hot season, when the sap is active, it was diverted away from the buds by the great demand of the expanding summer foliage, so that their growth was slow. They remain immature until the summer leaves begin to fall, when the sap flows toward the buds and they are perfected. The winter dress of trees has a purpose in the economy of plant life. The structure in winter does not demand nutrition, but it must have protection, and this the buds afford. In them is stored up all the beauty and glory of the vegetation of the coming year, and thus they possess an interest of the highest kind. Nature is very careful in these buds, for it seems to understand that in them exist latent forms of life most intimately connected with the welfare of the race. In order to protect them they are compressed together tightly in the smallest possible space and covered in under an air-tight and water-tight roof. The outer layer of buds is either covered by a warm coat of fine hairs or cemented closely with a resinous or glutinous secretion, which resists the action of water.—*Nichol's Fireside Science.*

The Back and Loins of a Horse.

WHEN a horse's back is short the loins will be found to be broad and strong—what is called good; a circumstance arising from the circularity of the chest and the breadth of the hips—these four formations, viz., shortness of back, circularity of chest, breadth of hips and strength of loins, generally being found in combination. It is a great matter that a horse should have good loins, and when these are associated with a long back and the requisite length and substance of hind-quarters we may take it for granted that the animal possesses both speed and endurance. Look at the hares and rabbits, greyhounds, deer, and such like animals and note what thickness of loins and length and muscularity of hind limbs they all exhibit, while their fore parts amount to hardly anything in comparative substance. It is impossible that a horse with thin, narrow loins can last; the moment his feet sink in the dirt that moment he will fail. It is the good loin that can—and the only point that can—compensate for hollowness of back. When the loins are good, not length, not even hollowness of back, are to be accounted objectionable points.

It is nonsense to pretend to prescribe that the back should be long or short, of this length or that; although we may, in a general way, fall in with the common description of what a back ought to be, and say "that, to be a good one, it should sink a little below (behind) the withers and then run straight." The back will be too large or too short, or (though, to the observer, of unusual longitude or shortness, still) of the proper length, depending upon the formation and dimensions of other parts with which, in structure and action, it is associated.

A long back would ill accord with short legs, defeated in their operation; a short back would not require long legs, they would do too much for it. We have, therefore, long-backed horses and short-backed horses, and yet with backs of proper length; because the longitude, whatever it may be, is that which is the suitable length for the machine of which it forms a part. A very common, but not less, on that account, reprehensible custom among "judges of horses," is to find fault with a point, without any reference whatever to the general or particular conformation with which that point is consorted. Abstractedly considered, it may be out of proportion; but considered correlatively, with out-of-proportioned other parts in the same frame, it may be in the best proportion, or of such proportion as serves to compensate for faulty dimensions in other parts. A part most faultlessly fashioned and proportioned may—placed among certain other ill-formed or out-of-proportioned parts—appear itself to be the faulty piece in the fabric.

In an animal body, as in machines made by man's hands, the great object to be sought for is *harmony* between the constituent members; at the instant we are not hastily to condemn any apparent disproportion, lest, on critical examination, it should turn out to have been given for the purpose of compensation—to make amends for some defective structure elsewhere, which may not at first sight have struck our attention.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Temporary Dam for Ice Ponds.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to make a temporary pond from which he may cut ice in the winter, and afterward draw off the water, leaving the stream and its banks in their usual condition. This may be done by erecting a temporary dam in the following manner: Select a part of the stream where the largest space may be flooded with the shortest dam. A place where the banks slope rapidly and above which they recede from the stream should be chosen. In a direct line across this place set some strong fence posts not more than eight feet apart. They should set at least four feet deep, and bedded with lime mortar and stone or cement concrete to make them perfectly solid. If the dam is not more than four feet high these precautions are not necessary, but if of a greater height they will be needed to resist the pressure of the water and that of the ice when its surface is acted upon by the wind. The posts should be strongly braced—the braces being set in the same manner as the posts. These posts may remain always in their position ready for use, and will occupy very little room or occasion very little inconvenience at any time. If they can be set up in a fence row so much the better. All that is needed then is to provide some hemlock planks of equal width and sixteen feet long, jointed and tongued and grooved upon their edges. These are fastened to the posts by carriage bolts, the nuts of which are exposed on the outer side of the dam. The middle panel of the dam is made of planks eight feet long, so that when it is desired the bolts may be taken out and the planks removed one by one, and the pond drained off gradually. The other planks are made to break joints, the ends being bolted to alternate posts, which will help to strengthen the dam. The lower planks must be made to fit the surface of the ground, and should be sunk three or four inches in it, and the ground well rammed around them. If any leaks occur as the water is raised, which should be done gradually by putting in one plank of the center panel at a time, they should be stopped by throwing in sawdust, tan-bark or leaves, or swamp muck. When the whole is up, the upper plank of the middle panel should be bolowed out sufficiently to allow the waste water to escape. If there is any danger of the falling water washing the soil away, a sloping apron of boards should be made to receive it. A pond with a surface of half an acre frozen six inches thick will furnish 300 tons of ice. Where the ground is favorable, a pond of this size may easily be made at an expense of twenty-five dollars, and the fixtures will not need renewing for twenty years. The main point is to be sure that the posts and braces are properly set, and that the planks fit tightly; then there will be no danger of the dam breaking or the water leaking away. If the water flows back into other fields there is no need to remove the fences, as they are of rails, if they are well staked and such riders as are likely to be covered with water are wired down to the top rails.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Very Notable Performance.

IT is instanced as perhaps the most striking of the many proofs of the enormous brain-power and capacity of the Great Napoleon that he could dictate upon different subjects to several secretaries at the same time, or as fast as each could write, and continue such dictation for an indefinite time. The matter is stated as a fact in several of the lives of Napoleon, and I have never seen it questioned in print; indeed, I believe that something very similar is narrated of one or two other celebrated characters. The faculty is truly a marvelous one; and the ability to carry on two or more manual operations at once, which are not merely automatic or mechanical, is only less wonderful. But what an astonishing exhibition would it be to see the same person perform simultaneously two mental and two manual operations! The nearest approach to this that occurs to me is the case of the itinerant musician who many of us have seen perform upon two or more instruments together, but it is always the same tune that is played upon both. If a single instance can be given of a performance by the same person at the same time of two entirely different tunes upon two different instruments, steadily and without lapse or break, I will readily admit that the exhibition would be quite as wonderful as was that which I am about to relate.

From the same gentleman who related to me the anecdote of Gouverneur Morris which was published in *Hearth and Home*, I have the following relating to the same eminent personage. My informant was present upon the occasion to which I am about to refer, is still living, and is perfectly reliable; so I may claim that the story is sufficiently authenticated:

During one of his visits to his vast possessions in the northern counties of New York several persons were with Mr. Morris in his office one day, when the conversation happened to turn upon the remarkable power of Napoleon to which I have alluded. Some one remarked that the ability to dictate to two or more amanuenses at the same time was an extraordinary one.

"Not so much so," said Morris, "as the ability to write on two different subjects at the same time with a pen in each hand."

"That is true," was the rejoinder, "but I never heard of any one who could do that."

"I think I can," remarked Morris. "Let me try."

Turning to his desk he arranged two blank pieces of paper before him and took a pen in each hand.

"I was about to fill out a description in a deed," he said, "and I must also write a letter to the grantee to accompany the deed. Now let us see if I can do it all at once."

And to the amazement and admiration of all present, each of whom we may be sure scrutinized the performance with critical watchfulness, he did it as cleverly and rapidly as though he had been writing either separately, and the task was performed with excellent penmanship, without blots or erasures, and without the least mistake or confusion in expression.

Now, more than sixty years after that day, I commit the record of it to print, well knowing that it deserves a place among the minor chronicles of the great.—*James Franklin Fitts, in Hearth and Home.*

JUDGMENT OF MUSICIANS.—Theodore Thomas, the distinguished founder and conductor of the famous "Thomas' Orchestra," New York, ought to know as well as any one the opinions entertained by musicians respecting musical instruments. He declares that they generally agree with him in regarding the MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS as much the best instruments of this class in the world. It is not, therefore, surprising that they are now largely exported to Europe, commanding higher prices there than the instruments of their best makers.—*Exch.*

DESTRUCTION IN DISGUISE.—It is a fact that mixtures of bad liquors and acid astringents are often given for medicines. They are *potent to destroy!* and may be safely warranted to ruin morally and physically any human being that sticks to them long enough. More drunkards have been made by these villainous concoctions labeled medicines than by the liquors of Commerce. Alcoholic poisons, advertised as remedies, are more mischievous than tavern drams. For intermittent and remittent fevers, as well as for all other diseases which these fiery frauds are falsely certified to relieve, DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, the *ne plus ultra* of vegetable medicines, is a positive cure. But this is not all; the great Temperance Elixir is a sovereign specific for the depraved appetite for stimulants created by the *false tonics* and *bogus restoratives* of *Missionaries of Intemperance.* Within the present year many well-known citizens have certified that a course of VINEGAR BITTERS invariably obliterates the desire for spirituous excitants. 7

THE GREAT FAVORITE!—The popular Chill Cure of the age!! Composed of pure and simple drugs, Wilhoft's Tonic has long held the highest place in the long line of remedies for Chills and Fever. It is not only Anti-Periodic but is Anti-Panic, for it curtails the heavy expense of doctors' visits, where friendly calls are all itemized in the account current. A penny saved is a penny gained, and saving it in this way adds to health and comfort. Try Wilhoft's Tonic as a certainty and you will never regret it. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & Co., Proprietors, New Orleans.

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AS ECONOMY is the order of the day, the cheapest collar you can wear is the Elmwood. All the edges being folded makes it look like linen, and the peculiar finish is so thoroughly perspiration-proof it will keep clean longer than any other collar.

SENT free, on receipt of neck and breast measure, height, weight and price, our (sample) "Model $2 Shirt." Fitted by patented model. Stylish and substantial. Address Model Shirt Co., 31 South 5th St., Philadelphia.

NOT every one can be President, but all can buy SILVER TIPPED Shoes for their children, and thereby lessen their shoe bills two-thirds. For sale by All Dealers.

WISHART'S Pine Tree Tar Cordial cures coughs, colds and consumption. Wishart's Worm Sugar Drops banish worms completely.

THE NORTHWESTERN HORSE-NAIL CO.'S "Finished" Nail is the best in the world.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.—The many good things in the November number justify the assertion that it is in no wise behind any former issue in attractiveness and interest—and that is saying a good deal in its favor. The publisher offers great attractions for the coming year, and all new subscribers for 1875, whose names are received before December 1, will receive the November and December numbers of this year free. Terms, postage paid, $1.50 for single subscription; two names at one time, $1.25 each; five, $1.10 each, and a premium to the person sending the club. Published by JOHN E. MILLER, Chicago, Ill. *

How to Look Young—Sixteen.—Don't paint or use vile Hair Restoreers, but simply apply Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon your face, neck and hands, and use Lyon's Kathairon upon your hair. The Balm makes your complexion pearly, soft and natural, and you can't tell what did it. It removes freckles, tan, sallowness, ring-marks, moth-patches, etc., and in place of a red, rustic face you have the marble purity of an exquisite belle. It gives to middle age the bloom of perpetual youth. Add these effects to a splendid head of hair produced by the Kathairon, and a lady has done her best in the way of adornment. Brothers will have no spinster sisters when these articles are around.

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Yours truly,

THOMAS E. MOORE,

Overseer of the Card Room, Portsmouth Co.'s Mills.

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